Roxbury, March 12, 1878.

My Dear Fanny:

Your postal card to Frank is before me, but he has not yet seen it.

I am inexpressibly glad to be assured that you (and perhaps Harry) are designing to visit Rockledge toward the close of this week, bringing my darling Helen along with you. May nothing occur to baffle your plans! To have you again under the household roof will fill us all with gladness. Try to extend your visit somewhat, if you can. How I wish Wendell could accompany you! But I know how he is situated, and therefore cannot reasonably look for his presence. I trust all his children are well recovered (as are William's) from the chicken-pox.

[illegible] of an letter to Mrs. Whitney
from my hand, at her request. She has
made an extract from of John Brown,
and a sketch of Sam. Adams, which
also, which is at the Atlantic office.

You must not expect me to accompany you on your return to New York. I am too much "out of sorts," physically, to make any other place than home desirable. My cold and cough still remain with me, and my sleeplessness is as trying as ever. All exercise is fatiguing to me on account of the same difficulty of breathing that your mother had.

This evening the widow of Robert Dale Owen is to take with us, along with William and Ellie, and perhaps Mary Rundall, who has not yet returned home.

A note has just come from Hattie M. Pitman, in behalf of her parents, inviting Frank and myself to take tea with them on Thursday evening next, to meet a few friends. Whether I go will depend on the state of the weather. On Sunday the mercury stood at 70° in the shade; on Monday at 34°. To-day it is raining gently but steadily.

Last evening Frank and I went to the Boston Theatre to see Edwin Booth in Richlieu. Not being familiar with the play, I was not much interested in it. Booth made some effective points in his acting, but he made the Cardinal too old in his manner, and too slow of speech. The same character was played by Barrett last evening, with great éclat, at the Museum.

Mrs. Goodrich made a call upon me yesterday, and we spent an hour pleasantly in conversation on a variety of topics. Of course, she was special in her inquiries respecting you and your husband and children, and wished to be kindly remembered to you. She informed me that Mrs. Hall (Mary Willey's sister) is seriously ill from (it is feared) a cancerous tumor.

The day before yesterday Mrs. Child called, but nobody but the cook was at home to see her.

I believe that Frank has informed you that I went down to Newburyport on Friday last, to take a fresh look at the town records, and to examine certain files of the Herald, with reference to ascertaining more definitely the year of my birth. The only light I got upon it was furnished by the date of the birth of my sister Elizabeth, which is recorded as having taken place on the 3d of July, 1808; thus confirming the probability that I was born in December, 1805.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb left to-day for New York. They sent over to learn your place of abode, but Georgina and I were in the city, and the cook was unable to give the desired information. I hope, nevertheless, they will somehow be able to find you. I know not where they intend to stop in New York.

Perhaps you will apprise me as to the exact time of your coming.

Your loving Father.